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Dorothy Kerin

The Living Touch

By

Dorothy Kerin

"Have you not heard His silent steps?
He comes, comes, ever comes."
Tagore.

"Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Call to the saints and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, I come."
Myers.

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A Foreword

THE author of this little book has been under my spiritual charge since the Holy Week of 1915. In the summer of that year she came to make her home with us in order to be able to live more out of the world than had been possible for her before. I have myself seen many wonderful things that God has done for her, the record of which will, no doubt, be published when the time has come for this to be done. All in this house have been gladdened and strengthened by her piety. Living very near to God herself she has the power of attracting others to draw closer to Him too. Her conspicuous humility and strong sense of humour (surely a true part of humility) have saved her from the spiritual harm which can come from praise. Among those things

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which remain to be published (when God wills) is an important record of many cases of healing vouchsafed to her prayers. As both of us, in our several ways, have been entrusted with a gift of healing, it is our hope and belief that this work of healing may some day be allowed to be centred in a Hostel, to which those needing it may come for spiritual retreat or for healing. We have not ourselves the means for the establishment of this. I am dependent on my stipend as a priest, she on the thank-offerings of those she is able to help. But if God wills our Hostel, then He will inspire those who can to found it, and will send us a suitable matron to manage it.

R. LL. LANGFORD-JAMES, D.D.

THRUXTON RECTORY,
ANDOVER,
Shrove Tuesday, 1922.

Introduction

MUCH has been written of my miraculous healing, which took place on February 18, 1912; but I fear that in almost every instance inaccuracies and exaggerations have crept in, for which I am in no way responsible.

At the request of many, and after much prayer, I have decided to write this little book, chiefly in the hope that it may prove helpful to earnest children of God, especially to my fellow Catholics in communion with Canterbury, and contribute in some small degree to the spiritual uplifting of those who are groping in the dark.

After many years of helpless invalidism I was completely and instantaneously healed by our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. This experience, I feel, was not meant for me alone, but for the strengthening of man's faith in Divine Healing.

With my restoration to health God has given to me, as you will see as you read what follows, the work of proclaiming the fact that He still, as when He was on earth, cares for the health and well-being not only of the soul but also of the body. Through faith and prayer we shall receive these great blessings.

I am frequently questioned as to whether I attribute my recovery to any of the recognised systems of healing. With the exception of my regular physicians, who in turn pronounced my case hopeless, no one

was attempting to cure me. Healing by hypnotism; the help of friendly spirits; Christian Science; suggestive therapeutics, etc., had no part in bringing about my restoration to health. My healing came direct from God, and God alone; to Him be the glory. There was no earthly intermediary. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. What our Lord did in Galilee and along the Jordan two thousand years ago, He can and does do now. There was not one God for the first century and another for the twentieth. Miracles of healing and the creation of new Life are taking place to-day, but many of us shut our spiritual eyes to them. The New Testament is full of promises of healing, and I am confident that as soon as we are brought to open our spiritual

eyes we shall see their fulfilment. Many of us have built up barriers between spiritual reality and ourselves by unbelief and worldliness, but as soon as we have broken down these barriers and made our souls receptive, there will be a great inrush of the Holy Spirit, and we shall receive His beautiful gifts, which are the true inheritance of all Christians, purchased for us by the death of Jesus Christ upon the Cross.

All unworthy as I am, I have been permitted to see and realise the great Love of Jesus, and I know that what He has graciously done for me should be a living testimony to His Love. Whereas I was once prostrate, now I am well, and I feel there must be a divine purpose in my being singled out to manifest and bear witness to His work. I

am a humble instrument in His hands. In His wisdom He closed my human eyes and ears, that I might know spiritual things, and the health and happiness that have come to me are so complete, that the pain and suffering of past years are almost obliterated from my memory.

Contents

PAGE

INTRODUCTION vii

CHAPTER I. 1

CHAPTER II. 16

CHAPTER III. 28

CHAPTER IV. 41

APPENDIX—

I. NARRATIVE BY MRS. KERIN . . 53

II. TESTIMONY OF NURSE WOODERSON 63

III. TESTIMONY OF NURSE LYNE . 65

IV. NARRATIVE BY MISS MACAULAY . 66

V. STATEMENT BY MRS. MACAULAY . 87

VI. TESTIMONY OF DR. R. JULYAN GEORGE 90

VII. TESTIMONY OF NURSE JENNETT . 94

VIII. TEMPERATURE CHART, SEPTEMBER 4-24, 1913 . . . . *at end*

CHAPTER I

THERE is nothing of importance or great interest to relate concerning my childhood, which was spent with my parents and brothers and sisters. Up to the age of twelve years my life was full of happiness. Especially have I to thank God for vouchsafing me spiritual happiness, and a feeling of His presence ever with me which I have had ever since I can remember anything. In the year 1902 my father died, and from this time it was observed that my health was quickly failing. Our family doctor was consulted, and he found that I was extremely delicate

and should need close watching and care. For the next four years I was constantly under the care of doctors, and when I was fifteen I sickened with diphtheria, and was sent to The Grove Isolation Hospital, Tooting. This illness left me terribly weak, and I went to a sanatorium to recoup, where I stayed nine months. On my return home to Herne Hill I was medically examined, and was found to be still far from well, so that the greater part of my time was spent in bed or lying out of doors. Then I caught a chill, which terminated in pneumonia and pleurisy. My life was despaired of, and for two weeks I hovered between life and death. Much prayer was offered on my behalf, and it was graciously answered; my partial recovery came about immediately after receiving

the Blessed Sacrament. After this illness, however, I was unable to leave my bed and was again examined by several doctors. Finally, after a bacteriological examination, my malady was definitely diagnosed as phthisis; and from this time onward until my healing, nearly five years later, I was completely bedridden.

During this period I was taken to two Nursing Homes at St. Leonards, where the doctors were of opinion that unless there was an immediate change for the better, it was impossible for me to live three months. I was suffering from severe hæmorrhage from the lungs and internal complications, and in November 1909 I was taken home, as they all thought—to die. During the next three years I continued

in an intermittent condition, and many were the times when the end was expected. I was nursed almost entirely by my mother, though she was helped by a nurse who saw that the doctor's orders were carried out. The last of twenty-eight doctors had said that there was no hope of recovery, and though everything humanly possible was done for me, my friends were just waiting for Jesus to call me home.

For weeks I had been rapidly growing worse, and on December 26, 1911, Dr. Norman and Dr. Barnes, who were attending me, noted new and critical developments in my condition, and after an examination pronounced my chief ailment now to be tubercular peritonitis. For the next few weeks I was kept alive by means of starch, opium, etc., and

with the exception of little pieces of ice, no food passed my lips during this time. My condition was quite hopeless, according to the doctors, and for the last fortnight of my illness I was unconscious and blind, this being due, the doctors said, to tubercular meningitis. On February 17 Dr. Norman warned my mother that death might occur at any moment, and thought it very unlikely that I should live through another day. Of all this, however, I was oblivious, for our Blessed Lord in His mercy did not let me know the terrors of blindness, but showed me spiritual realities. The whole fortnight to me was as one beautiful day, passed in an indescribably lovely place, where everything, both to see and to feel, was exquisite harmony; and it was at the end of this, my

beautiful day, that Jesus made manifest His healing Power in my diseased body, and raised me up from my bed of sickness, every whit whole, strong in every organ and limb.

My Beautiful Day

On Sunday morning, February 4, at nine o'clock, I received the Blessed Sacrament, and as the priest came towards my bed with the chalice, I saw wonderful golden light radiating from it, which enveloped the priest. I had never seen this before, though all through my illness I had made my Communion every month. It was a beautiful experience, and the Divine Presence was indeed a reality. When the service was over, everything around me seemed to grow dim and misty, and I could

see nothing clearly. In the evening I asked my little sister to sing "Abide with me," as all was then so dark. She did not know it well enough to sing, but as she sat by my bed with my hand in hers we heard it sung from beginning to end most beautifully. My sister heard it as distinctly as I did, and said, "Oh, how wonderful." We are certain it must have been the Holy Angels who sang it, for there was no one singing either in the house or outside.

When the singing had ceased, I seemed to drift into space. I was no longer conscious of my body, but my soul was overflowing with joy and love, and a transcendent feeling of supreme happiness, impossible to describe in ordinary language. I passed on and on, and as I went the way grew brighter and brighter, until

I saw in front of me a wonderful altar formed by angels. There were six at the back, and in front one more beautiful than the rest holding a chalice, which he brought to me, and from which he gave me to drink. Then they disappeared, and as they went they seemed to be chanting words which I could not understand.

I passed on again, and soon I heard a great flocking sound, and saw coming from every direction white-robed figures, some of whom were carrying lilies, while some had haloes. Their movements made lovely music, and they all looked as though they were coming and going with some definite purpose. No words of mine can exaggerate the exquisite beauty of the scene. As I looked I saw One coming towards me; I thought He was coming for

me, and held out my hands towards Him, but He smiled and said, "No, Dorothy, you are not coming yet."

Again I passed on, and this time I seemed to go a much greater distance, until I could go no farther, when I heard a voice say, "Dorothy," three times. I answered, "Yes, I am listening. Who is it?" Then a great light came all around me, and an Angel took my hands in his and said, "Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Get up and walk."

He passed his hands over my eyes and touched my ears, and then I opened my eyes and found myself sitting up in bed. My mother and a number of friends were standing round the bed, looking very frightened, and some clutching at each other. It seemed so strange to me, and I could not understand why they were

all there. I asked for my dressing-gown, telling them that I was quite well, and that I must get up and walk ; but they were all too astonished to answer me or to move.

The Angel again said to me, "Get up and walk." Then they brought the dressing-gown, and when I had put it on I got out of bed unassisted. Part of the light came to the right side of the bed, and I put my hand on it, and it led me out of the room and along a passage and then back into my room again. Though I had not walked for five years, I now walked quite steadily, and was not the least bit shaky ; indeed I felt so well and strong that I might never have been ill at all. Very soon I realised that I was hungry, and asked for food. They brought me milk in a feeding-cup,

but I refused it, and finally I went down myself the two flights of stairs to the larder and brought back the materials for a real meal of meat and pudding. How I enjoyed that meal! It was the first solid food I had been able to digest for years, and I had not the slightest pain or discomfort after it.

Sixteen people were in the room, and all were mystified and amazed at what they saw. I was perfectly well, all pain had left me, my sight was restored, and I felt better and stronger than I can ever remember feeling before. It was half-past nine in the evening when I got up, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, I went back to bed, and slept until eight o'clock the following morning. When I got up, my mother and friends, who knew that I had been like a skeleton

the day before, were amazed to see that my body was in a perfectly normal condition; all discoloration had entirely disappeared, and I was quite plump, my bones being covered with firm, healthy flesh—all this in the space of twelve hours.

At nine o'clock Dr. Norman was sent for, and when he heard that I was up and well, he thought it must be a mistake, and came to the house post-haste, expecting to find that I had passed away. On entering my room, he asked my mother what it all meant. I ran to meet him, and he turned to my mother and said, "Is it possible that this is the girl I left dying yesterday?" As soon as he had recovered from the shock he examined me and pronounced me perfectly healthy and well. He then asked me to go up a steep flight of stairs to test

the strength of my muscles. When he saw me *run* up them, he slapped his head and said, "Great God, what is the meaning of it all?"

When approached as to the cause of my present condition, he could give no explanation, but said that it was certainly the most marvellous recovery he had known during the course of his experience. Next day he made the following statement, which was published in the *Daily Chronicle* of February 21:—

"When I heard that the girl had got up and was about the house I would not believe it till I had been to see, for I left her on Saturday night apparently dying." Asked, "Did she really suffer from consumption and diabetes?" he replied, "Oh, certainly, there's no question whatever about that."

"Then what is your theory," asked the representative, "as to the cause of her present condition?"

"I have no theory," he replied. "Had I read of it I certainly should not have believed it. She is well, but how she got better, I don't know."

In an interview with the *Evening News* representative, Dr. Norman stated that "he had all along hoped that the girl might recover, but that on Saturday he gave up hope. 'She had suffered enough to kill half a dozen people,' he said. In attending her he had found all the gravest symptoms of advanced tuberculosis, of diabetes, and other complications. She had been attended, under him, by twelve nurses up to the present, and a chart was kept of her temperature. This chart shows that her temperature rose and fell in the most

alarming way—sometimes reaching as high as 105°."

This statement was published in the *Evening News* of February 20, 1912.

At the request of Dr. Norman, a number of medical men examined me, and were amazed when they heard the past history of my case, and admitted that my healing was something beyond their ken. A fortnight later I was examined by two X-ray specialists, and pronounced by them to be perfectly well. Tests for the presence of tubercle both by Von Pirquet's and Calmette's methods made by Dr. Murray Leslie were negative, no reaction being produced in either case. From this time until I met with an accident at Paignton, in September 1913, I continued to enjoy perfect health.

CHAPTER II

THREE days after my healing I was invited by Dr. Edwin Ash to his house, that I might receive the necessary rest and quiet. I gladly accepted his invitation, and remained there for several weeks. It was here that God revealed to me in a vision His purpose in restoring me to health. I had been praying that He might show me what He had brought me back to do, and was waiting in faith for His revelation. It came in a beautiful way.

On Sunday, March 11, I was wakened out of sleep by a voice saying, "Dorothy." I sat up, and

saw at the foot of my bed a wonderful light, out of which came the face of a beautiful woman holding a lily. She came very near to me and said :

"Dorothy, you are quite well now. God has brought you back to use you for a great and privileged work. In your prayers and faith many sick shall you heal ; comfort the sorrowing and give faith to the faithless. Many rebuffs will you have, but remember you are thrice blessed : His grace is sufficient for thee. He will never leave thee."

After making the sign of the Cross over me with her lily, the figure disappeared ; and when I woke in the morning, the room was still full of the scent of the lily.

The answers to my prayers had

come. All unworthy as I know myself to be, God has a work here for me, and I can only thank Him for His great love, and pray that He may purify and make worthy the very imperfect channel He has chosen.

I prayed much that God might guide me and point the way of ministration, and it has been shown me that the gifts of God can only be received through prayer. We shall find spiritual joy, or soul-health, through communion with God, and bodily health will follow as growth follows rain and sunshine. Communion with God will banish every doubt and fear, and if we will but do His will and walk in His footsteps, we shall know the Truth and realise the wonderful power of the Love that is Infinite.

After this vision there came a period of waiting, when one's soul had to be possessed in patience. It was, oh, so difficult to be still and wait when there were so many in spiritual darkness with whom one longed to share the joy of this new-found health and happiness. At last the time came, and I was invited to speak at various meetings and give an account of my experiences.

These meetings were greatly blessed; many were both spiritually and physically strengthened, in that they had witnessed with their own eyes the effects of a miracle which took them back to the days when our Lord wrought His mighty works in Palestine. Many have almost ceased to believe that His living touch has still its ancient power, and have settled down in what they call divine resignation

to suffer every kind of physical and spiritual ill, believing, as did their fathers before them, that God cannot, or does not will to set them free in this life, but that they must of necessity pass through the grave to meet Him.

This surely is an erroneous idea. The old thought that God and His holy Angels dwelt far away up in Heaven is inconceivable, and personally I should have little faith in a God who went up into Glory and left His children to struggle here alone. No, we live ever in the very presence of God, and in the midst of the promised land. We are not pilgrims and strangers, but can already enter into our inheritance as heirs of the Kingdom of God. The holy Angels are ever with us to protect and guide, and to bring all things to our know-

ledge. Their nearness has been revealed to me so often—sometimes in church, sometimes out in God's great cathedral of Nature, where all things —trees, flowers, birds—are expressions of His thoughts, and praise Him in their beauty.

I will record here some instances of Angel protection. In October 1912 I had occasion to take a motor bus at Camberwell, with the intention of visiting a sick woman in Kennington. I was going up the steps, and had nearly reached the top, when quite unexpectedly the bus gave a lurch forward and flung me off into the road. The base of my spine struck the curb, and I felt a horrible numbness creeping over me, when suddenly I found myself enveloped in a beautiful blue light and distinctly heard a voice

cry, "God is Love." Then in less time than it takes to write, I was lifted by unseen hands on to the platform of the bus, and ran gaily up to the top. A few moments elapsed before the conductor came up and asked, "Are you badly hurt, Miss?" I was able to answer truthfully, "No, thank you, not the least bit," and continued my journey in comfort.

Very soon afterwards I was passing in a tram over Vauxhall Bridge, where the traffic is very condensed, when a large motor lorry dashed into the side of the tram just behind me. I was covered with the broken glass, which splintered all over me, but I escaped without the slightest shock or scratch.

Again, at Sunderland I had another experience of Angel support. The

Bishop having given permission,[1] I was asked by the vicar of All Saints', Monkwearmouth, to speak in his church on the first Sunday after Trinity, 1913. I stood on the chancel steps, facing the congregation, and had begun to speak, when I was seized with a dreadful faintness, and felt as though I was falling into a black pit. I realised my danger, and was just able to breathe out the word, "Jesus," when two great bright Angels appeared, one on each side, supporting me. It seemed as if they put words into my mouth, and when I had finished speaking there was a great hush, and I found myself safely back in the choir stalls. How I got there I do not know, for I did not feel my feet touch the ground. Almost every one in the church felt His presence, and two were healed.

[1] See note on page 27.

These are by no means the only occasions on which I have been protected; in the many and great spiritual temptations which have come to me, the Angels have been ever present to guide and guard my steps.

In November 1912 I went, at the invitation of Lady Henry Somerset, to her home at Reigate, and whilst there I had several visions of the Holy Mother. One day I had been praying in the little church, and asking for special guidance as to how I was to fulfil my mission, when, on looking towards the Lady Chapel, I saw, appearing out of a lovely blue light, the figure of the Blessed Virgin. This time she was not carrying a lily, but in her hands she held a large shining cross, which she placed upon my knees, and said:

"Always by prayer and faith,

but this must come first," pointing to the cross. Although this was a visionary cross, it was so heavy that I felt weighed down by it, and looked up into her face. Her wonderful smile I can never forget; it was so full of tenderness, that as I gazed on it the weight of the cross became less and less, until it vanished in love.

It was soon after this that I experienced the unspeakable joy and privilege of beholding the Holy Master's face. There have been moments when it has seemed almost impossible to write of this wonderful experience. But now I feel sure that it is right for me to try to record it, for it cannot fail to help some, who perhaps have been unable to do so before, to realise the ever-living presence of our Blessed Lord.

I was on a visit at St. Aldhelm's Vicarage, Edmonton, and on Sunday, in the middle of the night, I was awakened out of my sleep by the sound of exquisite music. Everywhere there was a wonderful Glory-light—mauve, blue, pink, all intermingled; the atmosphere seemed to throb with "Holy, Holy, Holy," and I felt that Heaven surrounded me. Then a great blue mist cleared and revealed three transcendent forms: on the left hand I recognised the Angel who had been sent to heal me, on the right the Virgin Mary, and in the centre our Lord. He held His hands over me, and in the palm of each there shone a wonderful red jewel.

Then the Master spoke:

"Go and tell My children what I have done, that they be not asleep when I come to judge the quick

and the dead. Take no thought for to-morrow, for I will provide."

Great rays of light streamed from the sacred hands and permeated my whole being. The vision then slowly faded and I was again in my bed.

NOTE.—I have always felt uncomfortable about having spoken in church, even with Episcopal sanction. I now see definitely that it was a mistake.

CHAPTER III

In July 1913 I was invited by Mrs. Macaulay to her house at Paignton, Devon, and it was during this visit that I met with the unfortunate encounter which I will now relate. On the morning of September 1, I had started out with my dog Mab, intending to go into the town for a little shopping. I decided to go by the Goodrington foot-path, and had walked about fifty yards along it, when a man rushed out of the marsh on my left hand and demanded my purse, which was suspended by a ring and chain from my third finger. He did not seem to be a tramp, but was quite

respectably dressed. I refused to give up my purse, saying, "If you do not go, I will blow my whistle." He then seized me by both arms, flung me down, and wrenched the chain off my finger with his teeth. Finally he dashed my head on the ground, and then I heard a great bang like a gun, and knew no more. Some time afterwards I was found by passers-by and taken to my friends at The Shanty. I remember nothing until, some hours later, I found myself in bed, where I remained in a critical condition for thirty days.

During this time Dr. George was in constant attendance, visiting me two and three times daily, and I also had night and day nurses from the South Eden Nursing Home. In making his diagnosis Dr. George stated that I was suffering from fracture of the base

of the skull and rupture of the drum of the left ear.

On September 11 I was apparently much worse, and Nurse Ford thought it advisable to send for the doctor again at nine o'clock in the evening, as my temperature had risen alarmingly. As soon as he arrived, those who were in the room became conscious of an unseen Presence and all knelt down. Whilst they were kneeling I saw a great light, which opened and revealed our Blessed Lord. He laid His hand on my head and said :

"Fear not, for I am with thee. The time is not yet, but I will come again."

I think I was silently asking Him whether it was right for me to have a doctor and nurses after He had healed me before so marvellously. He said :

"Yes, I would not have thee exalted above other men, but as a daisy growing in the garden."

After this I felt quite happy, and just waited for Him to finish His work in my body. When the vision had passed, Dr. George came to me and took my temperature, which had dropped from 104° to 99°. He realised that God had touched me.

I was not wholly healed on this occasion. The deafness and pain in my head and ear continued, but we rested on His promise that " He would come again."

Before I was finally healed on September 30, I contracted appendicitis. Dr. Cosens was called in, in consultation, and it was feared that an operation might be necessary. A room was conditionally engaged at the Nursing Home, but fortunately it

was not needed, for again the Great Physician intervened. During this time prayers had been offered for me by many, and Mr. Pastfield, assistant-priest, suggested that I should be prayed for in Paignton Church. The morning after prayers had been offered for me there, I was healed.

Some hours prior to this healing, the pain had become intense in my head, and through the night the hæmorrhage from my left ear had been copious, necessitating constant plugging with cotton wool. I had become quite deaf, unable to hear any sound at all. Dr. George arrived early and wrote on a piece of paper: "It is an attack affecting your hearing. You must remember His Promise. He *will* come again."

I was comforted, and he left me, telling Mrs. Macaulay that he would

soon return, as he feared serious complications. After he had left the house, Mrs. and Miss Macaulay came to try to console me, and very soon I heard wonderful music, which came nearer and nearer. Then I seemed to be taken out of the room into space. There were crowds of Angels, and one came to my side and said, "Are you trusting Jesus?"

I replied, "Yes, I am trusting."

Then I looked up and saw a great circle formed by Angels, and in the centre came our Blessed Lord. He came down and lifted me up, saying:

"Many mighty works have I done, but they have not believed. Tell them the time is at hand when I shall come in Glory to gather Mine elect, and the faithful will I carry as lambs in My bosom. Rest in My will, and I will lead thee."

I experienced much in this vision which I may not reveal.

When the vision had passed I found myself sitting up in bed. All the pain had gone, and I could hear perfectly. My friends had been in the room all the time, and said, "You are healed, aren't you? We have felt Him too."

I pulled the wool from my ear, and from this time the hæmorrhage ceased entirely.

Very soon I got up and dressed, and though I had been kept on liquid food only, I was quite strong, as had been the case on my first healing. I was able to take ordinary food, and was, in fact, a normally healthy person.

On his return Dr. George was amazed at the change in my condition, and pronounced me perfectly well. That day I walked two miles with my

nurses, and returned untired. Nurse Jennett received a great shock when she put me to bed at night, for my body had resumed its normal condition, and the flesh had come back in an astonishing manner. My hair, too, which had come out in patches, had grown again—all this since the morning.

God had indeed given abundantly of His riches, for the days which followed my healing were filled with the joy of unstinted happiness and health. It seemed then almost impossible that any physical ill should come to me, and it was therefore somewhat of a surprise to learn that the "rebuffs" were not yet over.

I was sitting up in bed one morning very early, feeling so happy, when suddenly I became conscious of a

holy Presence in the room. Coming towards me I saw a lovely blue light, which opened almost imperceptibly and revealed the Holy Mother. Her face was full of love and compassion as she said :

"Dorothy, remember the message. The rebuffs are not yet over, but fear not."

She then caressed my forehead with her hand and vanished, leaving behind her a wonderful atmosphere of love.

I had not the faintest idea of the nature of the " rebuffs " till some days later, when I caught a severe cold, and on the top of this gastric ulcer supervened. For two weeks I remained in a very bad state, becoming physically weaker each day. My friends suffered great anxiety, as did also Nurse Jennett, who had been recalled to take night duty ; they did

everything in their power to alleviate the pain, but without avail. At last, on October 29, I reached a point when it seemed impossible to hold on any longer, and in my misery I cried to the great God of Love, asking for more patience, and, if it were His will, for sleep. Almost before my prayer was uttered He answered it, and I sank into a peaceful sleep, during which He again touched me. I cannot describe all that I experienced in that touch, but when I awoke I was free from pain, feeling quite strong and well. It is noteworthy that now, as on both previous occasions, there was no period of convalescence. The moment He touched me I was made perfectly whole, and in less than two hours my body, which had become very wasted, had resumed its normal condition.

Dr. George on his arrival at six o'clock exclaimed, "I don't understand. Tell me what has happened."

I took his hand and roughly pressed it where the pain had been. Then he realised what had taken place, and said, "Is it possible? You are healed? He has touched you again."

The following day we held a thanksgiving service in my room, and Mr. Pastfield gave us the Holy Communion, as he had frequently done during my illness. We all realised His presence, and at this service we beheld the reflection of His glory over everything.

This is the last personal experience of healing that I have to relate, but I will here set down the message with which our Blessed Lord entrusted me. I ask that it may be read with

due reverence, and, by the grace of God, be spiritually interpreted.

One afternoon I was dressing with the intention of going out to tea with friends, when I heard my name called. I listened, and the call came again. The voice was unmistakably His, and I knelt down by my bed and waited. A few moments elapsed, when over my bed appeared that wonderful light which always preceded the Holy Ones. It became more and more beautiful, and then revealed three forms, on either side a great Angel, and in the centre our Lord Himself. He held His hands over me, and again I saw those red jewels in each palm. The following is the message that He gave me :

"Dorothy, I would have thee go and tell My children what I have wrought in thee. Many there are who will not believe, but I say, bitter is the cup of tribulation which they shall drink. Speak of these things in the secret places, and if they listen not, tell them not again. My Bride do I call; she will hear My voice, and will not slumber, for lo! the time is at hand when I shall come in Glory to gather Mine elect, and the faithful will I carry as lambs in My bosom. My Love for them is mighty and embraces all things. Rest in My Love and fear not, for have I not said 'I will never leave thee'?"

CHAPTER IV

This message came on November 11, 1913. Of the months between then and now I shall say very little, except that the Lord has been ever present, and many have felt the living touch.

Constantly I am asked by seekers after the truth in what way I am used in helping those who are sick; and for their benefit I will relate a beautiful experience which befell me, in the hope that it may help them to realise that spiritual healing comes ever from God, and that we are but the channels through which He works.

I was permitted to see this glorious vision on April 8, 1914, in the Church of St. Mary, Brookfield, Highgate. On

the morning of that day I was awakened out of my sleep by a voice calling me, and arose to answer the call, which seemed to come from the church. On entering the porch I felt an unusually beautiful atmosphere, and wondered if there were any special reason for my being brought there on this particular morning. Suddenly three sick people, for whom I had been asked to pray, came before me, and I realised that I had been called to the Holy Mass to hold them before the Lord, which accordingly I did. At the prayer of consecration my eyes were lifted up, and I saw over the hands of the priest a light in the shape of a dove. Wonderful golden rays passed from it through the priest's hands into the chalice, which now appeared of surpassing beauty. The priest had quite disappeared, and I

beheld only this glorious chalice, out of which there arose a deep mauve and blue mist, materialising into a great cross. Slowly a form appeared upon the cross, and in the centre of the outstretched hands glowed two red spots. I held the three sick ones before Him again, and heard Him say, "It is finished." Then the vision slowly vanished.

It is impossible to make any comment on this most sacred revelation, but I should like to mention the fact that those three sufferers were completely healed from this time. He hears our every prayer, and answers all, but in His love makes times and ways His own.

I had purposed ending my story here, but I feel guided to record yet another vision, which will, I am con-

vinced, prove significant to many. Probably every one who reads it will be given his or her own interpretation of its meaning. Personally, I feel that it has brought home to me with great force the fact that only Love counts; that Love is the key that will unlock the gate of Heaven, through which we shall enter into the Kingdom of God.

This vision was given me whilst on a visit to some friends in Dublin, on July 6, 1914. I had retired to my room and had fallen into a deep sleep, when an Angel appeared to me and took my hand in his, saying, "Come quickly, the Lord has much to show thee."

He took me a long, long way, so that I grew very tired, and at last we came to a large and handsome building. I tapped on the door, which

was opened, and inside I saw a great number of people, elaborately dressed, and, as it seemed, rich and worldly. They were rejoicing, or rather revelling and shouting, "We are the Bride of Christ! Come in."

I was about to enter when a voice said, "Enter not, follow me," and as I drew back my foot, the door closed.

The Angel then appeared by my side again, and we journeyed on, till, in the road, we came upon a great company of monks, nuns, and other people, who were doing violence to their bodies, distorting themselves, and looking very wretched and weary. One very old man came out from among them and asked me where I was going. I replied that I was on my way to Heaven, and that Jesus had called me. He looked at me

sadly and said, "You will never get there. We have been trying through the ages, and this is as far as we have got." He wanted me to join them, when the voice again said, "Follow me."

On we went once more, and as we went we were overtaken by a vast procession of gorgeous chariots, which were galloping along and making a great noise. They stopped as they came up, and a woman leant out of one of them and asked me where I was going. I replied as before, that I was on my way to Heaven. She laughed at me and said, "You can never get there on foot. We have been trying through all the ages, and this is as far as we have got. You had better join us." Again the voice said, "Follow me."

My Angel led me forward, and

though we were on foot we seemed soon to leave the chariots far behind. The way now became more difficult, and we passed many who had died under their burdens, some carrying their gold, others their treasures. At last we came to a magnificent cathedral, and, being told to knock on the door, I did so, and it was immediately opened. The interior was filled with priests and acolytes chanting and burning incense. One asked me what I wanted there, and I said, "I have brought a message from Jesus, that He is soon coming." They all shouted, "Put her out, put her out!" and I was seized by the arms and turned out into the road so roughly that I cried out with the pain.

My Angel returned and led me on until we came to another large building, which I entered. Here, amid a

great assembly of people, was gathered together wealth of every description, all the riches and treasures the world can provide. Every one was shouting, "We have the Christ! Come in to us." I was bewildered at what I saw, and again the voice said, "Follow me."

Again we continued our journey, and at last we reached a great gulf, on the brink of which were a multitude of men and women. They were trying to cross over to the other side, but could not, because they were encumbered with all kinds of burdens; some were hugging idols, some gold, some pictures, some children, some even crucifixes, which they could not leave behind. A great voice was crying continually, "No, no, nothing that defiles!" I wondered how I was to get across the gulf, and, kneel-

ing down, I prayed God to take me safely over.

On opening my eyes I found that I was on the other side ; everything had changed, and I looked upon an entirely different scene. Coming from every direction were crowds of people with upturned faces, all being drawn by the same object. They had nothing in their hands, and as we came nearer I saw in the firmament what it was that was attracting them. It was a great Heart, from which flowed a broad red stream. Under this the people passed, and as they did so they were changed into glorious beings, and their voices rose in one loud anthem of praise. I asked the Angel what was happening, and he replied, "They are even now being sealed."

We went forward again, and before us we beheld a great gate, magnificent

in texture and beautiful beyond description. Issuing from the gate we heard music of indescribable loveliness, and I asked what it was. The Angel said, "The whole of Heaven rejoices, for the King is bringing home His Bride and they are preparing the banqueting hall."

My Angel guide then left me, and I heard the voice of our Lord. He told me many things, and finally spoke these words:

"I have shown thee these things that thou shouldst enter not into their temptations. The rebuffs are not yet over. There are those who will curse thee, bearing My witness. But fear not, for I have blessed thee and loved thee with an everlasting love."

Then I was sent back, and found myself lying on my bed.

Appendix

I

NARRATIVE BY MRS. KERIN

In writing this little account of my daughter's life I am confronted by the difficulty of selecting such incidents as will be of most interest to the reader, though they are not necessarily those most dear to me, her mother. I will mention first the spiritual side of her nature.

Even as a tiny child she had an immense love of all that pertains to the spiritual, caring little for the amusements which children are wont to indulge in, and preferring pictures of angels and religious subjects to the crudely humorous picture-books which most children love. She was most sensitive to harshness in any form, and for this reason, and because of her delicate health, she was allowed more latitude than the other children. This latitude I have never had cause to regret,

CHURCH DIVINITY SCHOOL of the PACIFIC LIBRARY

for the natural sensitiveness of her nature never allowed her to take undue advantage of it. She was by no means abnormal intellectually, and experienced the same dislike of learning as many others of her age. As a friend once remarked, "She appeared to be a child whose soul had outgrown her body, living ever in the presence of angels."

Up to the age of seven years she suffered from the illnesses common to childhood. After her seventh year she was almost constantly in the hands of doctors, and at the age of ten she was disabled by erysipelas in the legs, which prostrated her for about ten weeks. After this she was in fair health for several months, but then she contracted congestion of the liver, from which she was some time in recovering.

About this time her father died, and the shock of losing one she dearly loved, in addition to adverse domestic circumstances, no doubt contributed to the terrible time of suffering which she was to pass through. For from this time forward her life was one long stretch of physical suffering, with but short periods of relief. A long

succession of serious ailments, including pneumonia and pleurisy, culminated in phthisis, with complications of gastric ulcers, and for a great part of the time diabetes. The terrible sufferings of those five years proved that she possessed the great patience of which her childhood had given promise.

For the greater part of her illness she was nursed almost entirely by me, except when the various treatments ordered by the doctors required the skill of a trained nurse.

During this time all who saw her were deeply impressed by her patient cheerfulness, and would often remark that it was almost supernatural. She lived very near to the Master, and all who entered her room felt an unseen Presence. Many were the heartaches and burdens that were brought to the little sufferer and laid down for ever by her bedside. God used her wonderfully in intercession for others, and lists of those in sickness, sorrow, and trouble were brought her. In answer to her prayers many have felt His touch, and have received great blessing through this little channel.

As the time went on her suffering became

more intense. It was distressing to see her frame racked with pain and cough. We realised how helpless we were, for the doctor had said that nothing more could be done, and that it was just a question of time. During the last six months she grew rapidly worse, and so great was her exhaustion that on some days she was too weak to speak or lift a hand. In all this time she never made an impatient murmur, but often remarked that it was a privilege to suffer with Christ.

The end was apparently near in January 1912, when the doctor diagnosed tubercular peritonitis. For four weeks we kept her alive by means of starch and opium injections and other stimulants. She was not allowed to take any food by mouth, and during this time hæmorrhage occurred frequently. Her sufferings were so great that those who loved her could not wish her to linger on, and prayed that God in His love would soon call her.

On Sunday, February 4, she asked for the Holy Communion to be brought her, and appeared to be conscious during the service, looking very happy and peaceful.

We had noticed for some days that her sight seemed to be failing, and on the evening of this same day my younger daughter, Evelyn, was sitting by her bed, watching her, when Dorothy said, "I should like to hear 'Abide with me' sung; it is getting so dark." Within a few minutes the hymn was sung all the way through, and both children heard it. There was no one in the house singing. When it was over, Dorothy said, "Oh, Eve, how quickly God has answered my prayer."

After this she became quite blind and unconscious, and continued in this condition for two weeks. It was apparent to all who saw her that she was very near Heaven. Soon after she became blind we heard her joining in the Communion service. Her face at times was radiant with unearthly light.

About eight days before her healing we were watching by her bed when her face became lit up. Some one came in at that moment, but, seeing her, drew back at once, exclaiming, "Oh, look quickly, what a lovely look there is on the child's face!" Dorothy was apparently talking to some one unseen to us, and was saying in a tiny,

weak voice, "There were crowds and crowds of them; some had lilies and some had wings." In her delirium she was evidently talking of something she had seen. After this she constantly rambled about lilies and wings.

We procured for her a Madonna lily, and placed it near her face, and often heard her say, "This is His lily; Jesus sent it me; it is kissing me."

We all realised that she was nearer Heaven than this world, and such a holy atmosphere was felt in that sick-room that it seemed almost sacrilege to enter.

In these last two weeks all treatment had been stopped, the doctor having said that it was useless; and on Saturday, the 17th, he told me that if there were any relations who would like to see her alive, I must send for them at once, as she could not live through the next day. He remarked that there was scarcely any pulsation, and that the end might be expected any moment.

On Sunday several people came to say good-bye. Dorothy was quite oblivious to the things of this world, and looked so

peaceful. In the evening we were all round her bed, expecting every moment that the little life would flicker out. At about nine o'clock the breathing had stopped, and I took up the hand, but there was no pulsation whatever; then I pressed my hand on her heart, but could feel no movement, and we all thought that our darling had passed away. Suddenly, after a few moments, Dorothy gave a great sigh and her breath went on again, very weak and haltingly. Naturally we all thought it a last flicker, and were greatly astonished when we heard her say in a very tiny voice, "Mother, sing to me." Thinking it was her last request, I acceded, and sang "I waited for the Lord." She said, "That is beautiful," and asked me to sing again. I sang "The rock that is higher than I," an adaptation of the 61st Psalm, written by her grandfather.

Dorothy herself has no recollection of this incident.

Several people had arrived by this time, and we distinctly heard Dorothy say to some unseen being, "Yes, I am listening." Her face was radiant with a beautiful smile.

In a moment she turned her face towards the screen, her arms went up very gracefully, as though she were embracing some one, then they were placed across her breast, as if in prayer.

We watched, breathless with amazement. A beautiful light was all over her, and in her face the Glory of the Father was reflected. As we looked we saw her raised up in bed, and her arms were gracefully raised, as though she were being lifted up bodily. She turned her head round and faced us, at first squinting horribly; but almost instantaneously her eyes returned to their natural beauty.

I said, "Dorothy, do you know me?" and she replied, "Of course, you are my dear mother." Holding her head up as if in prayer, she said, "Mother, I am well; I am to get up now," at the same time asking her sister for her dressing-gown.

I tried to prevent her from getting out of bed, still thinking it was just one final flicker before the inevitable happened, but she seemed quite determined, and asked, "Can't you see the Angel? Don't you hear what he says?" I told her that I could

see no Angel, and that I had heard no voice, and she looked surprised.

As soon as the dressing-gown was brought she put it on, got out of bed, and walked quite steadily across the room. She went to the door, and advanced along the passage, saying, "Don't touch me, I am following the light." She had apparently not the least difficulty in walking, and on returning to the room she said, "Why are you all here, and why are you so frightened? I am quite well." She was the calmest person in the house, and seemed so surprised at our wonder and excitement.

Very soon she asked for food. I was afraid to give her anything solid, and sent for milk in a feeding-cup. Dorothy refused to take it, saying, "No, I am well, and I want well people's food." She made her way unaided to the region of the larder, saying that she wanted cold meat and pickled walnuts. So insistent was she that we were obliged to give it to her, expecting the while that dreadful results would follow. She ate the meal ravenously, and asked for more; and she suffered not the least pain or discomfort after it.

At twelve o'clock we persuaded her to go back to bed, and a friend sat with me, watching her, all through the night. She slept peacefully, without once coughing, and in the morning was in quite a normal condition. Overnight her body had been in such a wasted state that it was necessary to wrap up some of her limbs in cotton wool. Now the flesh had grown again in an astonishing way, all discoloration had entirely vanished, and though she looked frail, she was perfectly healthy, and took ordinary food at once, insisting upon getting up to breakfast. There was no time of convalescence.

The doctor on his arrival was amazed, and for several minutes could not touch his patient, exclaiming, "Great God, is this the girl I left dying yesterday?" He examined her, and pronounced her perfectly well. At his suggestion, many other medical men examined her, and when they heard the past history of her illness, were equally amazed.

E. J. Kerin.

II

TESTIMONY OF NURSE WOODERSON

Evelina Hospital,
Southwark Bridge Road,
London, S.E.

I knew Miss Dorothy Kerin for about eighteen months prior to February 18, 1912 —the date of her miraculous recovery, and was with her every day.

She was suffering, to the best of my knowledge, from advanced phthisis and diabetes.

I was with her at the time her recovery took place, and saw her get up and walk steadily out of the room. This, I know as a fact, she was absolutely unable to do before.

For the fortnight preceding her recovery she had been practically unconscious, both blind and deaf, and in great abdominal

pain. From the moment she got up she was quite steady on her feet and physically strong, which, after five years in bed, I regard as MIRACULOUS.

VIOLET M. WOODERSON.

III

TESTIMONY OF NURSE LYNE

123 New Bond Street, W.

I knew Miss Dorothy Kerin for some time prior to her recovery, which was, in my opinion, nothing short of miraculous, and have kept in touch with her ever since. Speaking as a nurse, I consider her to have had every symptom of advanced phthisis, and at one time of diabetes. The last time I saw her before her recovery she was practically unconscious, and apparently in great abdominal pain; that was about a fortnight before February 18, 1912. On February 20 I called at her home and she came to meet me. She was perfectly steady on her feet, and that after five years in bed.

K. M. Lyne.

IV

NARRATIVE BY MISS MACAULAY

As an eye-witness of the events which occurred at The Shanty, Paignton, during the months of September, October, and November 1913, I have been asked by Miss Kerin to write a short account of them for her book. This request I cannot refuse, although the occurrences were of so marvellous and sacred a nature that I feel they should be laid up in the secret recesses of my heart. I should, however, fail in my duty to God if my pen lay idle, and I will therefore try faithfully to record His mighty works, which I was privileged to witness.

I

The Assault, First Illness, and Healing

We first saw Dorothy in the month of June 1913, when she came to us for a week.

Then early in August she returned for a longer visit. At this time I was occupied in playing hymns for the Church Army Sands Mission, which held services on the beach.

September 1.—As usual I left home at about 10.45 A.M. to go to the beach. Dorothy, who often accompanied me to these services, remained at home, saying that she might join me later. Not long after I had started, she, too, left the house with her dog "Mab," intending to go to the town to buy a little book for me. Her way led her along a rather lonely foot-path, with a high wall on one side, and on the other a stretch of marshy ground, covered with thick growth in summer-time. In this evidently a man was hiding, and on seeing Dorothy he came towards her and demanded her purse. She was carrying a small silver purse, attached to her hand by a chain, which she had hooked round her third finger. On her refusing to give it up, and threatening to blow her whistle, the man became violent, seized her by the arms, and bit her finger in order to obtain the purse.

Finally he seized her head and beat it on the ground three times, inflicting serious injury. Not only was the base of the skull fractured, but the drum of the left ear was broken ; she was *quite deaf* in that ear until her Healing took place. The ruffian then made off, and Dorothy lay unconscious for nearly an hour before she was found by passers-by and brought back to the house.

It may not be out of place to mention that on the same afternoon the Rev. J. L. R. Pastfield, our late curate, and my eldest brother made a thorough investigation of the spot where the assault took place. They traced the man's foot-marks to a sort of lair beaten down amongst the thick growth in the marsh, where he must have lain in wait for a victim. They also traced his foot-steps out of the marsh on to the Dartmouth Road. The man has not been caught.

A similar assault happened to a friend of ours on the other side of Paignton in 1912. Fortunately she received no bodily injury, but she had a terrible struggle, and the man decamped with her bag, leaving the handles only in her hands. In this case

also the man got off without being discovered.

While all this was happening I was at the service, occasionally looking along the esplanade for Dorothy. On my return home I looked into her room, and, not finding her there, concluded that she was sitting with my invalid sister, Lois. I then went in to see my sister, and after talking for a few minutes I asked her where Dorothy was. She told me she had not seen her since she went out, and thought she was with me. Looking out of window, to my surprise I saw Mr. Pastfield sitting on the garden-seat and talking to a strange young man, who, I afterwards learnt, had assisted Dorothy. As I looked, a policeman came up, and they rose and began speaking to him. I now grew decidedly alarmed and left the room, only to encounter a frightened maid, who told me that Dorothy had been "knocked down," and was in the smoking-room!

I fled down and found Dorothy stretched out, as white as a sheet, on a couch; she was semi-conscious and moaning with pain, while Daisy, our maid, bathed her

head. She kept on repeating the words, "Thief, bite, purse"; then she would call out in a frightened voice, "Mab!"

My mother was directing everybody and trying to keep back the policeman, who had followed me into the room. But as Dorothy only went on saying, "Thief, bite, purse," he saw that it was useless to question her, and retired.

Then Dr. George arrived, the first of the doctors summoned. He reported that there were no limbs broken, and it was decided to carry her upstairs and put her to bed. Her arms, which bore the marks of her assailant's fingers, were exceedingly tender and painful, and we had to cut through the sleeves to remove her garments. There were also deep marks of teeth on her finger, and it was evident that she had had a bad blow on the head, although there was no outward sign.

We left a maid in charge, and after a hasty lunch I went on duty at two o'clock. She was still unconscious, but at 2.30 she came to and recognised me. It was dreadful watching her trying to recollect what had happened, and I tried to calm her, until

I saw it was better to say she had had a fall. In talking it over afterwards she said, "I heard something go bang in my head, and I knew no more until I saw you sitting by my bed. I saw the white curtains, and for a moment I thought I was ill again, and that my Healing had been a dream."

During that afternoon she struggled to recall the scene, and then she remembered the man's face, which caused her intense horror. She kept saying, "Horrible face, dreadful face." Later on she dozed, but would start out of her sleep muttering, "*No*, don't," and break into a damp fright, saying, "Mab!" then again, "No, don't," and was pleased to wake up. His face haunted her for weeks, so that she dreaded closing her eyes. She said, "I am afraid to shut my eyes because I see his face."

September 2.—Hæmorrhage from the nose commenced. This went on for a week incessantly, and in increasing quantities, so that my mother and I were very anxious; then, however, it left off. Meanwhile we had engaged Nurse Jennett, from South Eden Nursing Home, and a few days later

Nurse Ford was also engaged from the Home, and took day duty for the time.

Dorothy steadily grew worse. Her headaches were very severe, and her left ear was *quite deaf* and very painful.

All through this illness, as well as in the second illness, which I shall record later on, she got no sleep except through sedatives. It was pathetic to see how she tried to hide her sufferings from us, for they were intense.

September 11.—Dorothy was very ill. For my part, I was in despair on this day, feeling that she was in a critical state.

In the evening I was late in returning home from the beach, and hearing that Dorothy was about the same, I seized the opportunity to write to her people. I had scarcely written half a page before the door burst open and Nurse Ford entered, looking frightened. She held a clinical thermometer in her hand, and said, "I don't know what is happening, but her temperature is 104° and her pulse very rapid. I think Dr. George ought to see her."

9.30 P.M.—Dr. George arrived. My mother went into Dorothy's room with him, while I stood outside in the passage,

listening. I heard nothing, not a word. The silence was deathlike; it awed me. Suddenly I became aware of Light, and with the Light came a beautiful feeling of uplift. I little dreamed what caused it. With that I, too, entered the room. In a moment all was explained. Dorothy was seeing a vision. I shall never forget that sight. They were standing watching Dorothy, on whose face rested a marvellous brightness. She was listening to some wonderful Being. Although her face was turned towards the shadow, it was lit up by Divine Light. Her breath came and went at long intervals, in deep indrawn respirations. Her hands were raised to her Heavenly Visitor, then gently laid down. Her smile was a revelation, and I do not think that any of us who were witnesses will ever forget it. Slowly her eyes assumed a natural look, and in a few minutes she recognised us.

My mother went to her, and bent down to hear, for she could hardly speak above a whisper, while I stood on the opposite side of the bed. Dorothy said to my mother, "Did you see Jesus? He put His hand on

my head, and I feel cool, cool, cool, all through me."

Then Dr. George bent over her, and she said, "Did you see Him? He came and put His hand on my head, and I am cool, cool, all over me. He promised to come again."

Dr. George at once took her temperature, and found that it had fallen from 104° to 99°, and her pulse had dropped from 162 to 100.

Our Blessed Lord laid the fever only, and promised to return. The following weeks were full of anxiety.

In addition to the trouble in her head and ear, internal inflammation round the appendix caused severe pain. Dorothy got so bad that Dr. Cosens was called in, in consultation, and it was decided that if she were not better she should be removed to South Eden Nursing Home, in case an immediate operation should be necessary. I therefore made inquiries about a room, and booked one provisionally, which happily was not required.

Terrible sweats came on every afternoon from four o'clock to five-thirty or six, while

I was on duty. This continued for a week, and as I was unable to cope with her weakness alone (since she could not raise her head), Nurse Cliel, another of the South Eden Nursing staff, who was in attendance on my sister, came to my aid. Everything, sheets and pillows, were wet, as if they had been dipped in water.

September 29.—Dorothy complained all day of worse pain in the injured ear, and in the evening she told me it was very violent, and went through from one ear to the other. For three weeks the left ear had had treatment, medicated cotton-wool, lotions, etc., but the bleeding still continued. That night it was plugged four times, and I myself saw next morning one of the plugs, which was soaked with blood.

Nurse Crisp, who had taken Nurse Ford's place, reported on her chart that she slept, but Dorothy told me afterwards that she could not hear or understand Nurse, so she pretended to sleep.

September 30.—I was sipping my early tea when my mother entered my room. She carried in her hands a heavy brass

bowl and my ivory hair-brush. She said, "Dorothy is *stone deaf*; she cannot hear a thing; she cannot hear even this." Here she struck the bowl with all her force, making a hideous din. The blows in Dorothy's room were heard in the kitchen below, but Dorothy never even blinked her eyelids at the noise.

When I went to see her and spoke to her she said, "Mum, mum, you are doing it too. Why don't you speak to me?"

My efforts were futile; she would not look at me, and was bewildered with misery, distress, and misunderstanding. With a sinking heart I left her room. At 9.30 Dr. George arrived, and my mother went in with him and Nurse Jennett, who was going on day duty. I stood outside to see how they would get over the difficulty. Dr. George spoke to Dorothy, and she said, "Mum, mum, mum, what silent treatment are you giving me? Why don't you talk?"

I heard my mother call Dr. George over to the writing-table, and he wrote on a piece of paper, "It is an attack affecting your hearing. You must remember His promise. He *will* come again."

Poor Dorothy! I heard her say, "Please forgive me. I did not understand I was deaf."

Dr. George told my mother he feared serious complications, and that he would return shortly. As soon as he had gone, my mother said to me, "Let us go in to Dorothy and try to comfort her, poor little soul, as she is alone." So we went in and stood on either side of the bed, holding her hands. She looked so piteous and helpless, and said in a sad voice, with such a hopeless expression, "How shall I talk to Lois now? She will understand me, but I cannot hear what she says."

I must explain that my youngest sister is deaf, but was taught to speak as a child, and now lip-reads fluently.

Close to Dorothy's bed hung a small picture representing Jesus Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee. During her illness she had frequently looked at this picture. She did so now, and said, "He will do it." I took down a text-card which hung at the head of the bed, with these words on it, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Dorothy pointed to the word "Ask,"

and said "No." I pointed to the words, "It shall be done," little dreaming how soon their promise would be fulfilled.

The card was scarcely rehung before she asked, "Do you hear the music?"

We shook our heads.

With a smile which grew more beautiful as we watched her, she suddenly looked up and said in an awed voice, "It is the Cherub Choir."

Then she lost the sense of our presence, and we watched the far-away expression steal over her eyes. She turned over on her right shoulder and raised her head slightly, then said smiling, "Yes, I *am* trusting."

We shrank back and stood watching her from the foot of the bed.

A scene of unsurpassed wonder and beauty now took place. All the time Dorothy was either listening and nodding and smiling, or talking and looking about, while we stood in silence, spell-bound. Her eyes were wide open, and we could follow a little what took place by her actions.

We stood in the Presence of Jesus of Nazareth. He Himself moved over our heads as He manifested His Power. Stoop-

ing down, He gently lifted Dorothy into a sitting position. Then we saw her bow her head and cover her face with her hands. Then the long silence was broken as she uttered one word, "Jesus." She bent lower and lower in thanksgiving and adoration before our Lord.

After a few minutes I think He must have withdrawn. Dorothy began to look about her, and as I looked up, for one brief second I saw a crescent Light of gold.

As she sat up in bed, in vision, she looked so worn and thin. Gradually the far-distant gaze faded from her eyes and she began to look about naturally. Then she caught sight of us and smiled. My mother returned to her side, and I went back to my old place and knelt down.

I whispered, "Dorothy, darling, you can hear me now?"

"Yes," she said; "I am quite well and healed; see," and she pulled out the wool from her ear and tossed it into the air.

It is literally true that she was healed from this moment. She had no more bleeding from the ear, and could hear perfectly. Her fractured skull was healed, so that she

could move her head freely, and all pain disappeared. All her internal pain also left her. Her weak muscles regained their former strength. Imperceptibly, before the afternoon, the flesh came back and reclothed her emaciated body. The hair, which had fallen out in patches, grew again during the day and fluffed out naturally. And whereas she had been for weeks in a darkened room, she now regained full strength of eyesight.

She had been thirty days in bed.

The next hour was filled with the wonder of it all. Then Dorothy got up and dressed.

When Dr. George arrived we did not tell him what had happened. He left her in bed, unable to sit up, very weak and ill, and stone deaf. He found her sitting up, fully dressed and well.

At one o'clock she lunched downstairs with us and ate the same food as we did. After lunch, at her own request, she went out, accompanied by her two nurses, Jennett and Crisp. We all stood in wonder watching as they walked down the drive, Dorothy showing no signs of faintness and needing

no assistance. If the truth be told, I believe the nurses were in a panic.

They had no cause to be alarmed. In this healing, as before, when she was raised up after five years in bed, she felt no shadow of fatigue, although but four hours before she had been unable to rise.

II

The Second Illness and Final Healing

For the next few days Dorothy was very well indeed, full of life and merriment, and perfectly normal. Then one day she overwalked her strength and was very tired. On the 6th my mother and I left home to be present at my brother's wedding, leaving Dorothy with my aunt, and when we returned on the 10th we found Dorothy in bed, having somehow contracted an internal chill.

One morning, when I went to her room with a letter, I noticed that her eyelids drooped and she drew the letter nearer and nearer until it touched her nose. Then she told me that her eyes had been growing dimmer and more misty daily. This con-

dition grew worse until she could not distinguish who entered the room.

She was now on liquid food, but one night she was sick and brought up a great deal of blood, and an acute gastric attack followed.

Nurse Jennett was again engaged for night duty, and Edith Dyer was engaged to help me in the day nursing, which was incessant, medicine or food being required every hour.

At Dr. George's suggestion Dr. Cosens was again called in, as we were so anxious. Food was given by drams at a time; her throat was ulcerated, her tongue thickly coated, and she was fearfully weak.

October 29.—Dorothy was very bad, and scarcely able to speak. At two o'clock she showed Edith her throat, with a very big ulcer on it. Then Edith went out for two hours, and I took charge.

3.15.—Dorothy fell into a doze. I sat idle, fearing to move, as the slightest movement or the creak of a chair roused her.

3.40.—She stirred. I rose and went to the bed, thinking she was awake. She looked so thin and white. She raised her head a little, opened her eyes, and with

unblinking eyelids gazed upwards, as if seeing something. Then the lids slowly fell, her head sank back, and, almost burying her face in the pillow, she fell into a deep sleep. I watched for a little, puzzled, then went on tip-toe back to my seat to wait.

4.45.—I saw her move, and she began to look about, so I went out softly to prepare some weak tea.

I returned in three or four minutes. Dorothy was energetically moving her hand about under the bed-clothes, feeling where the pain had been, and with no gentle touch.

"Do take this, Dorothy dear," I said.

"Put it on the table," said Dorothy, "and come here."

I did so.

"Give me your hand," she said; and, seizing my hand, she made me press it hard into her stomach, where but a brief hour and a half before she had been so tender that pillows had to be used to support the weight of the bed-clothes.

I called my mother to see her, but I don't think any of us realised until afterwards, when she got up, the wonder of our Lord's dealings with her.

She said to me, "I saw our Blessed Lord. He came in my sleep and laid His hand on the pain, and it is gone; I have none."

Then she put out her tongue, which was perfectly clean, without a speck of white on it or on her throat. She could talk and swallow easily.

She drank the tea I had prepared, and asked for more. So I ordered more tea, with dry toast and butter. I knew perfectly well that had she not been healed the consequences would have been terrible, and that I should have been responsible.

At five o'clock Edith Dyer returned, and, on seeing Dorothy, turned red with surprise. Soon afterwards I left the room to get my own tea, and when I came back at about 5.45 she called me to her side and said, "Can you bear a shock?"

My heart sank, but her happy face smiled assurance. She took my hand and made me pass it all over her ribs. Firm, plump flesh filled all the hollows naturally. Her cheeks were the same.

Dr. George arrived soon after, and found Dorothy full of fun and as happy as could

be. He examined her, but no trace of illness was left. It had all gone absolutely.

Next day Edith Dyer returned to her home, and Nurse Jennett also left us. The regiment of medicine bottles and all the paraphernalia of illness were swept away. Dorothy quickly got strong, and in a few days was eating as much as I did, and was out walking with me daily.

I have only one more event to record.

November 11.—We were invited out to tea, and our friends had promised to send for us at 3.45. Dorothy rested every afternoon, and when I went to rouse her at half-past three she was dead asleep. I shook the bed, but she did not stir. Then I saw the listening expression on her face, and she raised her eyebrows. I was in some doubt what I ought to do, but as I knew she was very much wanting to go, I woke her, and she rose immediately.

A few minutes later I came back to her room to see if I could help, and found her nearly ready to start. Suddenly she paused, listening. Then she said in an awe-struck voice, " Do you hear it ? "

"Hear what?" I asked.

"It is the second time I have heard my name called. It is His voice."

I said, "Kneel down; maybe He will speak to you. I will give orders that you are not to be disturbed until you ring."

Then I left her, for already the wonderful look had spread over her face. Afterwards she told me, "I don't think you were out of the grounds before He came to me."

Our Blessed Lord, for the fourth time during her stay with us, appeared visibly to her, this time giving her the solemn message.

ELEANOR JOSEPHINE MACAULAY.

THE SHANTY, PAIGNTON,
Easter 1914.

V

STATEMENT BY MRS. MACAULAY

I FEEL that I ought perhaps to write a few words about Dorothy Kerin, who was my guest during the summer of 1913.

I was not with her so much as my daughter, but I was permitted to be present on the evening of September 11.

We had hastily summoned Dr. George, as Dorothy had become much worse, and I went into her bedroom with the doctor and nurse. I saw instantly that she was in a vision, although I had never seen anything like it before. We were all perfectly conscious of a sacred Presence.

I saw her hand taken and gently moved to and fro. Her lips were smiling, her eyes were wide open, but set with a peculiar fixed look, seeing nothing outwardly, and she was insensible to touch. This lasted about a quarter of an hour. I was the first

to try to attract her attention by waving my hand before her eyes. In a few minutes I saw she recognised me, and I went forward and put my ear down close to her, to hear what she had to say, as her voice was very weak.

She said, "Did you see Him, did you see Him?"

"Who?" I asked.

She said, "Jesus, and He put His hand on my head and I am cool, *so* cool."

Instantly her pulse became normal.

On September 30 I found, on entering Dorothy's bedroom early, that the nurse was unable to make her hear or understand anything. I then made a loud noise, but it was no good. I told my daughter, and hurriedly dressed to fetch the doctor. After breakfast, when Dr. George had left, my daughter and I went to sit with Dorothy. We had not been there more than a very few minutes before I became aware that she was seeing a vision. She appeared to be listening and asked, "Do you hear the Cherub Choir?"

Then we heard her say, "Yes, I am trusting."

I moved away from the bed. Again I saw her smile, and the fixed look I had noticed in the first vision came into her eyes. I saw her raised up in bed and healed instantly. I insisted on her resting in bed for a while, although she would not lie down; and finally she came down to luncheon amongst us all. During the afternoon she went for a walk with her nurses, whom I dismissed shortly afterwards.

Eleanor S. Macaulay.

The Shanty, Paignton.

VI

TESTIMONY OF DR. R. JULYAN GEORGE

PAIGNTON.

HAVING attended Miss Dorothy Kerin during the months of September and October 1918, I can testify to the serious nature of her illnesses, and to the fact that her recovery in each case was sudden and unusual.

When I was first called in, on September 1, I found her in a semi-conscious state, and was told that she had been the victim of a violent assault. Examination showed fractured base of the skull and probable rupture of the drum of the left ear, with deafness on that side. Profuse hæmorrhage from nose and ear soon set in, and her condition was such as to cause considerable anxiety.

On the evening of September 11 I received an urgent summons, and found the patient with a very high temperature and

rapid pulse. Soon after my arrival, however, she went into what appeared to be a state of ecstasy, and when she came to herself she told us she had seen a vision. She said to me, "Did you see Him? He came and put His hand on my head, and I am cool, cool all over me. He promised to come again."

I then took the temperature, and found it had dropped in a few minutes from 104° to 99°; the pulse had also fallen from 162 to 100.

In spite of this experience she still remained in a very serious condition, with increasing weakness and constant hæmorrhage, but less pain in the head. In addition, symptoms of acute appendicitis appeared, and my diagnosis being confirmed by Dr. C. Hyde Cosens, arrangements were made for Miss Kerin's removal to a Nursing Home, should an operation be necessary.

On September 30, when I saw her early, she was quite deaf in both ears, and I was obliged to write on a piece of paper, "It is an attack affecting your hearing. You must remember His promise. He *will* come again." I was afraid of further develop-

ments and promised to return shortly. Returning two hours later, I found her fully dressed, and to all appearances perfectly well. Again she said she had seen a vision and been healed.

She was, however, still frail, and I warned her to be careful and not to overtire herself. But she felt too well to be prudent, and it was not long before I was again called in to attend her, as she had contracted a chill. Before long, acute symptoms of gastric ulcer appeared, and again Dr. Cosens, in consultation, confirmed my diagnosis. For a fortnight the patient was very seriously ill, and I had grave doubts of her recovery.

I saw her as usual on the morning of October 29, and she was then in an extremely critical condition. Late in the afternoon I called again, and found that all the symptoms had disappeared. No trace of the ulceration of the stomach was left, and her condition seemed to be entirely that of convalescence. She had no pain or tenderness over the stomach, and could take solid food without pain or vomiting or discomfort of any kind. Her flesh had assumed a normal plumpness, both to touch

and appearance. The hair also had become thick and normal in quantity.

Without attempting to comment on the above occurrences, I will only add that, in my opinion, it is beyond the power of medical science to explain them.

R. Julyan George,
M.D., M.S., D.P.H.

VII

TESTIMONY OF NURSE JENNETT

South Eden Nursing Home,
Paignton.

I NURSED Miss Kerin during her two illnesses at the Shanty in September and October 1913, and am glad to give my testimony as to her case. When I first saw her she was suffering from fractured base of the skull and rupture of the drum of the left ear, with severe hæmorrhage from nose and ear. She was certainly in a critical state and she suffered intensely. Later on there was threatening of appendicitis, and the doctors thought an operation might be necessary.

On the night of September 29 she complained that the pain in the head was much worse, and in the morning she was quite deaf. When Dr. George arrived I went in to her with him and Mrs. Macaulay, but as she could not hear he wrote on a

piece of paper that her ears were affected. When he had gone I left Mrs. and Miss Macaulay with her, but on my return to the room I found the patient sitting up in bed with her hearing restored. She told me, "The Lord had healed her," but I did not understand what had happened, and only saw that some very marked change had taken place.

I was still more astonished when I came in from my walk, about lunch time, to find her fully dressed. She came down to lunch with us all, and afterwards asked Nurse Crisp and me to go out with her. We walked for a good distance, and she declined all help, saying that she was quite well. She was perfectly steady on her feet, although she had been a month in bed. In the evening I noticed that her flesh had come back again, and that her hair, which had fallen out in patches, was now quite normal.

I was again sent for to the Shanty about three weeks later, and found Miss Kerin very ill with gastric ulcer. She was extremely emaciated, and was in great pain.

On October 29, when I came on duty for the night, everything had been done for the patient, but I noticed a decided improvement. Her voice was stronger, and there was every indication of relief from pain. In the morning I saw the full extent of the change. The tongue was clean, the flesh elastic and normal in colour, and all pain had entirely disappeared. She told me she had been healed during her sleep the previous afternoon, but had kept it from me in order to surprise me in the morning.

I was very much surprised, as I had been on the first occasion, and I cannot account for her sudden recovery, but can only record the facts that came under my notice.

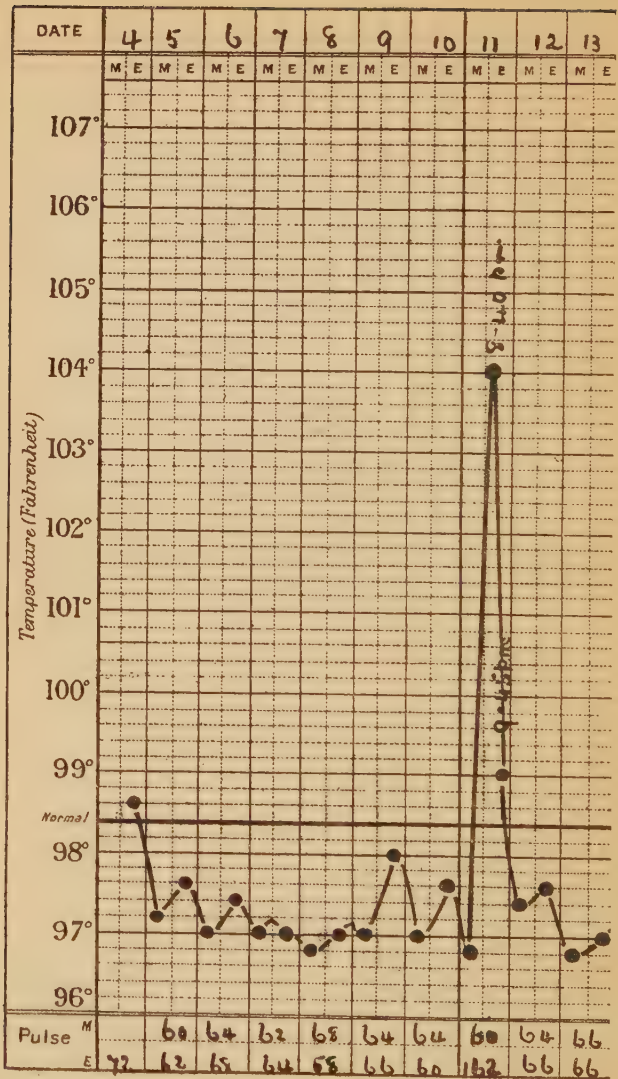
A. JENNETT.

VIII

TEMPERATURE CHART

September 4–24, 1913

(*Lent by Dr. George*)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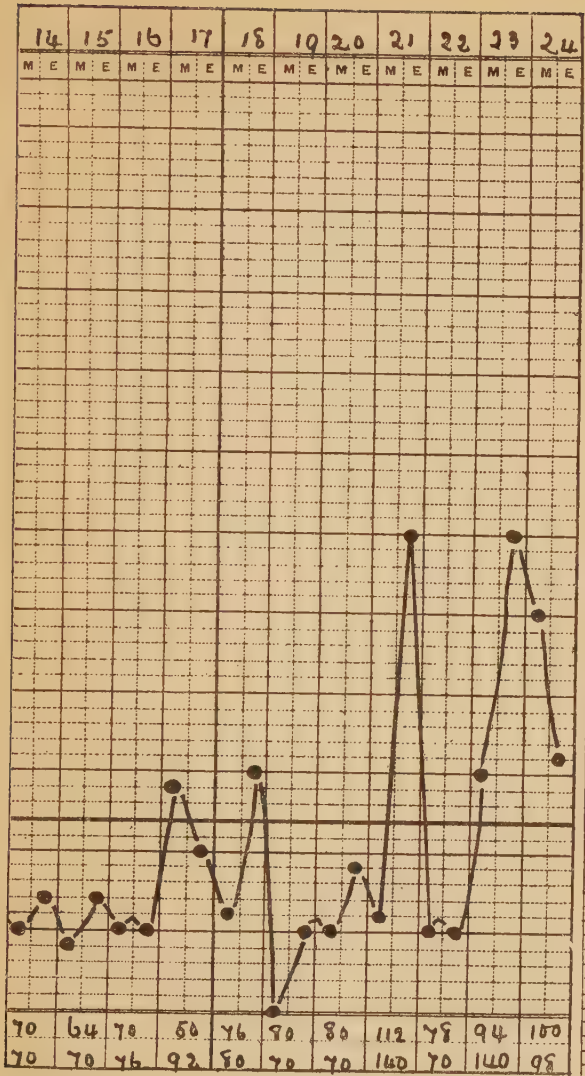
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